The Calumet BOILERMAKER

"THE VOICE OF THE STUDENTS - - BY THE STUDENTS"

Vol. 10—No. 5 | PURDUE UNIVERSITY CALUMET CENTER, HAMMOND, INDIANA | February, 1963

New Instructions For Admission

EMPLOYMENT OUTLOOK BRIGHT FOR GRADS

by Bruce Siecker

Never has the job outlook in the U.S. been so bright for college graduates. Recent surveys show an increased demand for 1963 college graduates in technology and science. The survey was conducted by Northwestern University under the direction of Dr. Frank S. Endicott, professor of education and director of placement. Many business and industrial concerns were checked in an effort to forecast future needs of the country.

"More companies will hire more engineers and other technical graduates for more jobs and at higher salaries than ever before," said Endicott. Employers indicated a need for more women graduates. They also indicated that the need for graduates from business schools surpassed the need for graduates of the liberal arts area.

In the liberal arts area many subjects were strongly recommended such as economics, English composition, and a varied mathematics background. Courses most popular for students in business schools were statistics, accounting, economics, finance, marketing, and statistical mathematics.

As might be expected the survey found that employers are interested not only in academic education but also the extra-curricular activities a student was active in. "Most respondents indicated that importance was attached to leadership, responsibility, and elective offices in campus organizations," Endicott said. "Emphasis was on active participation, not merely membership." Many of the companies expressed that overindulgence in campus activities which damage academic standing would lower the standing of the graduate's application.

The survey was taken from 26 states and was representative of every region of the country. A few of the reports were from medium to large corporations.

Weird Structures Found on Purdue Campus

Scholarship Information For Handicapped Veterans

The enactment of PL 87-815, October 15, 1962, makes vocational rehabilitation training available for the first time to veterans who incurred a disability as a result of service in the armed forces during any period of service covered by the Universal Military Training and Service Act. The periods of service included are (1) July 26, 1947 to June 26, 1950, and (2) February 1, 1955 to the present. If you are receiving compensation from the government because of a disability incurred during either of these periods, you may apply for vocational rehabilitation by completing VA Form 22-1900 and sending it to the Veterans Administration at 36 South Pennsylvania Avenue, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Applicants will be provided vocational counseling to ascertain what training they may need to overcome any handicapping effects of their disabilities, and to assist them in making a choice of a future occupation. The Veterans Administration will pay for books and tuition and a subsistence allowance during the period of training which may be needed for this purpose. Training will not be provided under this Act for veterans whose disabilities are rated at less than 30% unless they show clearly that the disability causes a pronounced employment handicap.

Your Quota Is 13.6!

by Donna Stover and Marlene Blanco

At a recent Boilermaker meeting my other half and I were engaged in a rather heated discussion. Topic: The boys of Purdue vs. the girls of Purdue. (What else?)

Things were going along just fine until someone threw a monkey wrench into the conversation—

"Well, just how would a girl go about getting just one (1) of her 13.6% boy quota at Purdue?"

There were a few laughs, a couple of giggles, then blank stares and complete silence. And since no one had a ready solution, we were assigned to find one.

We did a little asking around and found that the guys could come up with a pretty straight answer if they didn't blush and run first. Discounting a few of the guys' "Who wants a girl from Purdue?" and a few of the girls' "Who wants a guy from Purdue?" and one fellow's "I went steady last year. Now I have to wait for the other 12.6 per cent to get a girl before I have another turn," we find the suggestions made were good for all of us to use.

Be your natural, friendly self; a guy is bound to run from an obvious fake. Be sincere in your attitude toward the fellow. In showing an interest in his likes and dislikes, let your interest be real. Be cheerful. Don't be afraid to talk to the boys; we've been assured they don't bite.

Remember—always be neat and clean. Your clothes don't have to cost a fortune—the fellows suggest you save your money to support them.

Keep the respect of the boys. Always be a lady in the things you do and say. A lady can be aggressive but if obviously so is no longer a lady.

And girls—if none of this works, resort to subterfuge. Pretend you're a high school girl!

The Boilermaker Needs Your Help!

Students Asked To Help Save "It's A Man's World"

When NBC last week "regretfully" dropped "It's a Man's World" from its Monday night schedule as of January 28, 1963, because its ratings for the first four weeks of viewing were lower than that of competing western and quiz programs, it disenfranchised those very viewers for whom the series was conceived, according to its creator, Peter Tewksbury.

This is the first television series that has dealt honestly, literately and in depth with the pleasure and pains of the youth that is inheriting America's problems. "Our correspondence indicates they are being reached and touched," said Tewksbuhy, "yet I have never met or heard of any American college student who has been contacted or consulted by the statistical Big Brothers who have taken it upon themselves to determine our tastes. Perhaps Madison Avenue feels that this segment of the population represents no significant buying power, but I feel they are or will become a force to be reckoned with. Many European and South American students have raised their voices and demonstrated they are determined to and capable of improving the cultural climate of their countries."

Believing that American youth can and should be both honestly represented on the television screen and heard in the popularity ratings that continue to determine what appears on that screen, Mr. Tewksbury has announced that Man's World intends to fight to continue its existence on the airways on its own terms. He expresses the hope that those college students and others who feel that "It's a Man's World" honestly represents their world will support it by voicing their opinions in letters and petitions to the National Broadcasting Company, Inc., Rockefeller Center, New York 20, New York.

Is It Worth It?

Many people in today's educational systems are for more federal aid to education. The aid would come in two forms: federal loans and scholarships.

In all such programs the federal government imposes limited regulations and restrictions on the schools and students who receive the aid. Such programs tend to lead the nation as a whole closer to becoming a welfare state. Based on America's previous record as a free enterprise country, this socialistic growth ranks with the ills of programs like Social Security and Medicare.

Since many of today's college students are going through school on money earned by themselves, they seek no help because they have grown up in an atmosphere of the survival of the fittest. Although many scholars "make it alone," there are presently many different grants, loans, and scholarships which are now unused. For really bad situations there exists presently enough ways of obtaining the necessary money.

All over aid to education leads to dependency of the schools on the government. Restrictions, however harmless as they may seem, are still the beginning of more rigid restriction codes. At the present time, the national government is increasing its grasp and hold on almost every area of our enterprises—strikes disputes, price supports, steel prices, etc. Only recently the liberals in the House of Representatives enlarged the Rules Committee to help pass more radical legislation. This type of action will seriously hamper the bloc of conservatives who are trying to withstand the advance of big government. If such programs as the proposed aid to education are allowed to continue, our country will be plunged deeper into its race for socialism.

It isn't necessary to rely on the government for everything from the time we buy textbooks until we're buried. Now is the time for independency and initiative. Any healthy college man, if he has any type of backbone, can get through college without external aid!

INSTRUCTIONS
TO SEPTEMBER 1963 APPLICANTS
To Undergraduate Curricula
At The Calumet Campus of Purdue University

A. INDIANA APPLICANTS

1. Those entering directly from High School
   a. Qualified applicants are ENCOURAGED to file the application for admission as soon as possible after October 1, 1962—after six semesters of high school work.
   b. All beginning students entering directly from Indiana High Schools are REQUIRED to take the Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT) of the College Entrance Examination Board tests. **Applicants are strongly URGED to take the Achievement tests. It is recommended that the Scholastic Aptitude Test (SAT) be taken in December and that the ACHIEVEMENT TESTS indicated below be taken in March.** (At least the SAT must be taken even though the application for admission has already been filed.)
      1) Applicants for **engineering, mathematics, and the physical sciences** should take the achievement tests in English, advanced mathematics, chemistry.
      2) Applicants for all **other curricula of the University** should take the achievement tests in English, intermediate mathematics, chemistry.
   c. Should an Indiana applicant rank in the low half of his graduating class, (low third in Agriculture and Applied Technology), his admission status will be determined by his high school record and College Board test results. Such applicants may:
      1) Be granted unconditional admission
      2) Be admitted on probation
      3) Have admission postponed
2. Transfers from other colleges
   a. Transfer applicants should file the application for admission as soon as possible after the **completion of the first semester (2nd quarter).**
   b. Transfer applicants must have a "C" average in work done at previously attended colleges.

B. OUT-OF-STATE APPLICANTS

Purdue being a publicly supported institution of the State of Indiana must give preference to the admission of well qualified applicants from Indiana. In addition to meeting the subject matter requirements (see the INTRODUCTION to Purdue) applicants from out-of-state, **to be eligible for consideration,** must meet the qualifications indicated below. From these applicants, the out-of-state roster will be selected—the number to be determined by the space available.

Out-of-state beginners must rank in the upper quarter (25%) of their high school graduating class or rank in the upper quarter (25%) on the SAT section of College Entrance Examination Board test.

Transfer applicants must have a "B" average in work done at previously attended colleges.

1. Those entering directly from high school
   a. Qualified applicants are ENCOURAGED to file the application for admission as soon as possible after October 1, 1962—after six semesters of high school work.
   b. All beginning out-of-state students entering directly from high school are **REQUIRED** to take the College Entrance Examination Board tests. **It is recommended that the Scholastic Aptitude test (SAT) be taken in December and that the ACHIEVEMENT TESTS indicated below be taken in March.** (These tests must be taken even though the application for admission has already been filed.)
      1) Applicants for **engineering, mathematics, and the physical sciences** should take the achievement tests in English, advanced mathematics, chemistry.
      2) Applicants for **all other curricula of the University** should take the achievement tests in English, intermediate mathematics, chemistry.
2. Transfers from other colleges
   a. Transfer applicants should file the application for admission as soon as possible after the completion of the first semester (2nd quarter).

"THINGS" You Already Know!

A Review and Complaint

There were quite a few college fellows deeply shocked and insulted this Christmas at receiving as gifts Esquire's book, **What Every Young Man Should Know.** The givers of these gifts were principally fathers. Imagine the nerve of these fathers actually believing that their college sons don't know everything already! Absurd isn't it? Anyway, there was good reason for insult, for if a college fellow doesn't know "The Facts of Life" by this time, he does not deserve to join in the fun! Right? I agree; but I also give father some credit, for he chose a good book not only for its straight-forward expla-

(Continued on Page Two)

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Concentration Can Cause Catastrophe

The future of the American military manned bomber is at stake. Everyone wants discontinuance of the development of the successful Skybolt air-to-ground nuclear missile. Production of all bombers including the B-52, B-58 and the dream B-70 has been discontinued. With the development of the offensive missile, the value of the B-52 would have been extended for about ten additional years, according to Gen. Thomas D. White. The reliance on operational missiles such as the Polaris will not be adequate defense for our country. Several arguments would almost call for the continuance of the Skybolt system:

1. The Skybolt development program is proceeding rapidly and is not lagging two years as critics claim. The Skybolt would be fully operational in late 1964.
2. In any missile program, failures are to be expected in its development. The current excellent successes of the Skybolt prove the program is worthwhile. Many of the early failures were grossly exaggerated by critics of the manned nuclear bombers.
3. If the British Vulcan bombers were equipped with the short-range air-to-surface Hound Dog and surface ships with Polaris missiles, the additional cost would run into hundreds of millions of dollars.
4. With the continuance of a manned nuclear bomber squadron by Great Britain and the U.S., the defenses of the Soviet Union are scattered. They are forced to maintain extensive air defenses, thus canceling any concentrated offensive military effort by the Soviet Union.
5. If we are to rely solely on the Minuteman and the Polaris missiles, we are going to develop a false sense of security. If the Soviets were to develop an effective anti-missile defense and an anti-submarine force, we would be disastrously vulnerable.

The reliance on missiles for this nation's defense is not a satisfactory program. Manned bombers will be greatly needed for a great time to come. There seems to be no replacement for the insight and the intuition of a single little piece of equipment called man!

(Information for this article was gained from Gen. Thomas D. White, U.S.A.F., in his current public contributions.)

Editor

CHRISTMAS GREETINGS 1962

P. O. Box 20250
Dar es Salaam, Tanganyika

Dear Friends,

This is a wonderful opportunity to extend Christmas greetings and at the same time catch you up on the news of the family since we left home in June.

As most of you know, Win is on leave from Purdue University for two years, as the English say, he is on secondment to this new University College in Dar es Salaam. He is helping set up the Institute of Public Administration to train civil servants, administrators and diplomatic corps. The first classes for local magistrates have just started. Some 800 applied from all over Tanganyika, but only a few were accepted due to lack of housing, classroom space, etc. They will be in residence nine months. Win is lecturing and holding seminars with them on International Relations and Government. The Institute of Public Administration will be the model for other new African states. They expect the staff to increase to 10 in the next two years and they have just received the promise of a large grant of money from the U.S. There is such a great need for trained civil servants to take over as the expatriates leave. Win goes to Makerere in Kampala, Uganda to lecture at an Institute in Diplomacy in both November and December. The University of East Africa includes Makerere (medicine), the Royal College in Nairobi (engineering) and the one here in Dar (law). Each has its own professional school.

The University College here is only two years old. They are building a whole new university, administration building, library, classrooms, dormitories and staff housing on a 500-acre site atop observation hill 10 miles north of Dar. The view of the surrounding countryside and the Indian Ocean is breathtaking. The staff houses will be finished and occupied by Christmas. Ford gave the university nearly a million dollars last spring and there are rumors that more money is on the way. This is such a poor country that outside aid for education is a must. It is terribly exciting to be part of a new developing university. Things are moving at tremendous speed not only in education but in everything.

We found out in London that Janice was not accepted into the Peace Corps due to her asthmatic background. They had sent her a telegram which she hadn't received, but having no place to go back to, they let her stay on and work for the P.C. all summer. We called her from Copenhagen and asked her if she would like to come out here and teach. She joined us at the end of August and started teaching English to the political refugees the next week. Dar es Salaam means 'haven of peace.' It certainly is for the political refugees who are here from South and South West Africa and Mozambique. There are about 50 of them housed out at the Salvation Army Camp. Our government has assigned a man full time to listen to them, help them find scholarships and keep in touch with what is going on. These young men will be the leaders in these countries once they get independence. Jan is working with the Harvard Group who are doing the teaching. Haven Roosevelt (F.D.R.'s grandson) is the head of the project. She loves it here and is glad she is not teaching in Ghana with the P.C. It is wonderful having her here.

Henrietta and George are attending a government school with all British teachers. We don't know how they are doing yet. We are considering sending them up country 400 miles next year to an American boarding school run for Lutheran Missionaries' children. It is an excellent school—they go three months and are home one month the year around. We drive them 5 miles into Dar 4 times a day now. I feel like a professional chauffeur.

What do I do? I shop, cook, chauffeur and entertain constantly. I've been teaching Government to the refugees twice a week. I've started a Swahili class with the new Baptist Missionaries. It meets for 2 hours a day five days a week. Swahili is the lingua franca of East Africa. So many of the Tanganyikan wives (even of cabinet ministers) do not speak English. It is most embarrassing to sit through a whole evening and not be able to communicate.

All of us think Dar is a fascinating place. It is a city of 130,000 right on the Indian Ocean. It has a beautiful harbor which docks large ships from all over the world. It has miles of lovely beaches ringed with palm trees. Going to the beach is everyone's favorite recreation. The shopkeepers are mostly Indians. The whole city has an oriental flavor with mosques, women in saris and Indian names over the shopdoors. Food is much better here than in Ghana. Fresh milk, vegetables and good meat are flown in from Kenya. It is just as hot and humid as Ghana.

There have been many exciting things happening in Tanganyika and East Africa these past weeks. Uganda became independent on October 9. It was a national holiday with great celebrations all over E. Africa. Tanganyika becomes a Republic in December. She also passed a Preventive Detention Act (which means you can hold political enemies without a trial) last week. It has caused consternation here and abroad. They say they won't use it, but we were in Ghana in 1958 when they passed theirs and everyone knows what has happened there. The first American ambassador arrived in October and was given a big reception. Before Mr. Leonhart we had only a consulate general here. I can't close this without telling you about some of the trips we have taken. Enroute to Dar we stopped for a week in Nairobi. We had reservations for months ahead to the most amazing game-loving rendezvous in Africa, Treetops. This unique hotel in a tree became world-famous in 1952 when a certain Elizabeth climbed its ladder a Princess and came down a Queen. During the night her father, King George VI had died. The tree-house was burned down by the Mau Mau two years later. It was rebuilt in 1957, not in the original fig tree, but in a huge chestnut a hundred yards away. We entered the Aberdare Mountains and were met in Nyeri at the Outspan hotel (which owns Treetops) by the white hunter, Mr. Scott. For five miles we drove over a slithery forest trail, then walked a quarter of a mile through the forest. Every few hundred feet we passed a ladder nailed to a tree. "We sometimes need them," Mr. Scott said. "If I blow this whistle, make for the nearest ladder. If it is rhino or buffalo, climb at least ten feet, if it is an elephant, you'll have to climb eighteen feet to be out of reach of his trunk." We came out in a small clearing around a pond. Overtopping the surrounding forest is the great Cape chestnut with the tree house apparently floating fifty feet high among its pink blossoms. We climbed a companionway which, like a ship's, can be hauled up out of the way of destructive monsters. Up three flights and we entered a comfortable lounge off which are dining room, kitchen, washrooms and private bedrooms for 21 guests. Here in the top of the tree is a small but complete hotel with electric lights, flush toilets, running water, high tea, and a four course dinner. From the broad balcony one looks down to the edge of the pond where the great and small animals come to drink and dig in the mud for salt. Twenty-five pounds of iodized salt is sprinkled there daily. It is a house of whispers. Signs warn that noise will disturb the game. We all wore rubber-soled shoes. Treetops even has an artificial moon, a thousand-watt light to illuminate the scene. The big show goes on all night. Wrapped in blankets (the altitude is 7,000 feet), we sat at the balcony rail and looked down with unbelieving eyes at giant forest hogs, kudu, bushbabies, buffalo, mongoose, antelope, duikers, waterbuck, bongo and most exciting, a family of black rhino. We had baboons all over the balcony at tea time trying to take the cakes out of our hands. It became so cold that we took hot water bottles and went to bed about 1 a.m. to try and get warm. Great branches of the chestnut pass through the rooms and you feel as if you are in the Swiss Family Robinson (in fact it was this tale that gave Mrs. Eric Walker the idea for Treetops). They took us back to the Outspan Hotel in two Landrovers for breakfast the next morning. Often anticipated things disappoint one but this surpassed all our expectations.

Win and I flew to the island of Zanzibar in October for two days. It was only 25 minutes by air but much more Indian than African. The town is something out of an Arabian Nights dream—a place of narrow, mysterious and twisting streets, balconies and lattices, balustrades of carved plaster, outside stairways, ancient walls and great brass studded doors and indescribeable smells! I thought for a while that everyone was cooking curry. But king of the island is the clove. Eighty percent of the world's cloves comes from Zanzibar. With an English-speaking Indian at the wheel we toured the island. It is one great garden, green all the year around and bursting with a richer profusion of tree and plant life than we have seen elsewhere in Africa. In this twenty-four by fifty mile island we saw mango, orange, lemon, lime, cinnamon, kapok, coffee, cocoa, avocado, pepper, cinnamon and coconut palm trees. We also visited the American tracking station located on the island. It is one of 15 around the world and they keep track of our astronauts while in orbit. I had my first rick-shaw ride, and we took fabulous slides.

At Christmas time we intend to drive 500 miles to Mt. Kilimanjaro in Northern Tanganyika. We have reservations at a little hotel on the side of the mountain for a week. It is supposed to be actually chilly there while here in Dar it will be the hot, hot season.

There are so many other things I could tell you about—as what a tremendous job the Lutheran Missionaries are doing here. We go to their church, know them very well and are most impressed by their work. I could tell you how grateful the people here are for the thousands of tons of corn the U.S. has sent to keep people from starving in the central province, I could tell you of the great interest the people have in the United States and how the young people prize scholarships they get to the U.S. I could tell you how much we like the people of Tanganyika and how pleasant and peaceful it is living here quite a different picture from what the press gives of Africa.

All of us wish you a blessed Christmas and a happy and prosperous New Year. We may be 8500 miles away but our thoughts will be with you.

Virginia and Winston Cone
Henrietta, George and Janice

"THINGS"

(Continued from Page 1)

nations of a rather earthy subject, but also for its treasury of really excellent, perceptive essays by adept writers (Harvey Swados, Paul Gallico, Dr. Reik) and successful businessmen (Arthur Schlesinger, Secretary of Interior Stewart Udall, and others).

The editors of Esquire call it an "unconventional" guide to life and living; perhaps because it is spiced with more than a hundred racy cartoons. Otherwise, I would say that it is more "practical" than "unconventional." It seems only logical that if this "forbidden" knowledge is to be put into printed form for all to see, there is no need to beat around the adjectives for several hundred pages when one can get right into those four letter nouns and verbs! Esquire's manual is one of the few that has done this; and it still covers 386 pages! (The main reason for its high price of $5.95!) The categories of discussion are too numerous to mention; but, in part, cover courtship, careers, manners, the dreaded draft, and "fun and games." Examples of the originality of the article titles are: "Morals, more or less," "Chalk Talk: The Female," and "Young Man be a Spy." After reading "Eggheads Make the Best Lovers," perhaps more fellows would want to join the Gables Cultural Club here!

Although it makes only a niche in the profusion of reading matter, one of the most important essays in the book concerns the "individual." The gist of the essay is a complaint that today's younger generation of men have set no goal before them other than domesticity. It claims that our ideals in life—when they should be as young and fresh and strong as our bodies—are not for achievement, but for adjustment! The major aim nowadays seems to be possession of a wife, several children, and all the luxury and security that our parents now have which they, themselves, took years to obtain. We want it all now! And if we do get it now (which is oftentimes possible after four years of college, a job with a big corporation and then several years off that paycheck), we are content. Young men, the essay explains, no longer seem to search for their own identity in this world as long as they can be absorbed and accepted into their desired social sphere. Whatever happened to that "final fling" before domestic life—a little travel, or experience other than college-taught or town-bred; if only just a bit of individualism before being lost in the mass? And finally the essay (and this reviewer) wonders, is contentment really a healthy attitude? But all this is not for the reviewer to decide or dictate, nor is it for the writer of the essay. It's up to those who read this review and perhaps, the book.

What Every Young Man Should Know probably is best enjoyed when it is read at fifteen or sixteen years old when the "Facts" are still new to the reader. But there is a doubt as to whether readers of that age can fully understand everything that is written on life and how to take a part in it. The book is published by Bernard Geis Associates (ever heard of that publisher?) which probably means that Esquire couldn't get anyone else to print it for them.

—David Meyer

Tom and Martha O'Sullivan Invite You to
YOUR FAT BOY

DRIVE IN & DINING ROOM
For: Luncheon and Dinners
From: 11 A.M. to 1 A.M.
At: 167th & Indianapolis Blvd.

The Limit of Respect

A Short Story; for Miss G. A.

by David Meyer

The field beyond the window was desolate and bare beneath the winter's sky. Thick rain clouds sailed low, masking the sun from sight, and showered the frozen earth with a cold drizzle. From a small radiator squatting beneath the window sill, a faint steam vapor drifted up and settled wetly on the window panes. Winn traced his initials in crude letters over the foggy glass, feeling the clammy moisture cling to his fingertip. The letters W.P.S. were flanked on either side by silly faces with dots for eyes and crooked streaks for mouths. They remained there for several minutes as excess drops of moisture collected and ran down the panes tracing silver scars through the figures. Winn wiped away his initials before they were clouded over by the rising mist of heat. After a final look over the sullen, soaked countryside, he turned away and pranced in his stocking feet to a tiny washbowl standing in a corner. He wore a corduroy jacket speckled with long strands of his silky dark hair, and his trousers hung about his hips in creaseless drapes. Still, he possessed a collegiate air with his clear face and laughing yellow tie neatly suspended from his button-down collar. The room around him was collegiate in its messiness of open books and piles of discarded paper and grizzled down pencil stubs. On the floor, amid the wads of crumpled paper and auto magazines, lay overturned shoes and remnants of an open laundry bag.

"What a mess!" came a voice from the doorway.

"Hi!" Winn called back, ignoring the insulting greeting. He watched the other boy come in and settle himself on the tousled bed, and then turned back to his sink, adjusted the hot water faucet labeled "cold" and awaited the spilling water to warm.

The boy jumped off the bed with a curse and cast an irritated glance at Winn. He was short and rather slim with dark brown hair and a blemished face shadowed by bushy eyebrows. Faint premature wrinkles outlined his checks almost to the point of touching the full lower lip that flapped softly when he spoke.

"Yeesch! Do you always have to sleep with your books?" he asked as he rifled through the tangle of sheets and blankets extracting several heavy textbooks. He read the titles out loud, glaring several times at Winn, who hovered over the sink with soapy hands. "College Mathematics, America and the World, English Composition for Freshmen. Say," he laughed obscenely, "don't tell me you would rather sleep with these than with . . ."

Before he could finish Winn was after him with dripping soapy hands; but feeling the warmth of the water slither down his pants legs and soak his stocking feet, he retreated back to the bowl. In the meantime the boy had dropped the books on the floor, was off the bed and halfway out the door when Winn chased after him.

"Listen, Phil, be nice or just get going," Winn said angrily as he frowned upon the watery damage done to his trousers. A long shock of hair had fallen across his forehead and he attempted to reset it with a violent backward flip of his head.

Phil laughed again, louder than before, and then promised to say no more. He returned to the bed and let himself fall heavily into the mess of twisted sheets. His jacket was also wrinkled, as were his trousers. He wore no tie, but a look at his highly polished shoes gave hint to a possible conscience for occasional neatness. Above him, several feet over the bed, hung a wooden bookshelf straining under a full row of cloth and paperbound books. There were school books and novels and several more auto magazines. The shelf, walls, ceiling, dresser, desk and even the bedstead were painted a dull green color, scarred with cracks and pencil marks and vacant picture hooks. Along with the litter lying around was a soiled rug, colorless with a decade of washing, that covered part of the tile floor. The tile baseboards were chipped and boldly carved with initials and funny figures with stick limbs. The single overhead light was glareful; the desk lamp was dim and noisy as it flickered over several opened books.

"What a lousy room!"

"I'm warning you, Phil." Winn dried his hands with a clean towel pulled carelessly from a faded green dresser drawer.

"Alright, alright."

"Your room isn't any better," he added as he tossed the towel over the books on the desk.

"I know, I know. But at least mine has some pictures hanging around. Look at your walls." They both looked at the bare walls and then at each other. Phil continued, "This place looks like a prison cell. As old Mr. Jason would say in his down-to-earth way—him and his damn lectures really slay me!—he would say, 'Stark, Mr. Spall, this room is stark!' And for once I would agree with him. This place is **really** stark, Winn."

"It sounds like you're the one who's lecturing."

"Yeh, well . . ."

"Listen, Phil, I would rather have it this way than like your room."

"Yeh?" Phil made an unconvincing attempt to appear surprised. "Well, at least my idea is better than having nothing at all," he said, "much, much better," he added with a grin. His eyelids flickered in thought, seeming to register in his mind the image of his picture-hung walls.

"You mean those pin-ups you have?" Winn asked.

"Yeh, those pin-ups I have!" Phil replied savagely. "What's wrong with them?"

"Ahhh!" Winn leaned his shoulders against the cloudy window glass and threw back his head with a sign of disgust. He turned toward the window, rubbed some of the fogginess off several panes, and stared out into the rain. After a moment he turned around again to look at Phil.

"Well?" Phil pressed for an answer. "What's so wrong with them?"

"Nothing really. I guess it's just a matter of taste," Winn replied.

"Well, to look at your walls—all your taste seems to be in your mouth!"

"Old joke," Winn snapped back.

"I know, I know," Phil admitted scornfully. He shuffled around in the bed, getting his feet caught in the blanket.

"No thanks, I don't go in for that pin-up stuff," Winn said as he played with the dangling end of his tie. His stocking feet were still damp with the soapy water and had collected fluffy swirls of dust from the floor. He kept them near the hissing radiator to dry.

"Yeh, I know why you don't need pin-ups," Phil said, half getting up. "You have your Mary!"

This time he wasn't quick enough, for Winn, perceiving the remark almost before it was uttered, darted from where he stood by the window over to the bed and pinned Phil down with a strong hand to his jacket front, only a moment after Phil had spoken. Winn shook him roughly several times, enjoying the startled expression that covered Phil's face. He wouldn't let go until an apology was made.

"Alright, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Don't get so flustered," Phil said as he grappled with Winn over the freedom of his jacket front. Winn let go and gently pushed Phil back down on the hard bed after he had struggled halfway up to a sitting position.

"You know what you are . . .?" Winn tried to choose an appropriate insulting title.

"I'm sorry, I said. Say, how come you're so touchy over Mary? I mean, don't get excited again, but I know she isn't your true love, is she?"

"If she is or isn't, it's none of your damn business. I don't like your using her in your filthy jokes." Winn was plainly mad; his anger reflected in his glowering eyes and the strained corners of his mouth. A wild shock of hair covered his forehead and he brushed it up with a quick, cruel swipe of his palm. The tight knot of his tie jumped under the nervous movement of his Adam's apple as he tried to suppress his anger. ffi

"Now what did I say dirty, Winn? Huh?" Phil asked innocently, flashing his obscene smile at Winn, who didn't see it as he had gone to the desk, thrown the clean towel onto the dresser and shifted his attention to several pieces of used graph paper. Phil squirmed around several times, pulling his trouser cuffs up around his shins, and wrinkling his jacket even more.

"How long you been going steady with her?" Phil asked suddenly, without an answer to his first question.

"A few months," was the answer.

"Is she your goddess or something; I mean do you have her on a pedestal or something like that?"

"Phil," Winn said pleadingly, "Mary's a nice girl, really; she doesn't deserve a place in your sexy mind. Understand?"

Phil laughed. Winn, sitting at the desk, looked at the boy on the bed with a constrained, serious expression on his face. Phil accepted this with even louder laughter and it, too, was a bit strained.

Winn continued more earnestly, "Any girl I go with I respect like a friend . . ."

"Like a friend," Phil repeated with a silly grin on his face.

". . . and I expect my friends to, too."

"Too? **What?** You mean you expect Mary to respect Mary?" Phil asked comically. He had assumed an almost clown-like attitude in his attempts to make fun of Winn's sincerity. Winn seemed to sense this, but was determined to impress upon Phil the seriousness of the matter.

"No, dumbhead, what I mean is I expect my friends—in this case it's you, pal—to respect Mary because I do."

"Oh!" Phil sighed. He acted like he had just begun to understand all that was being discussed. He still acted comical.

"Well, will you do that for me?" Winn asked.

Finally Phil became serious. Several minutes passed without a word being spoken. Winn waited for his friend's answer while he toyed with the pieces of half-crumpled paper in his hands. On the bed, Phil shuffled his feet impatiently and then, instead of answering Winn's question, he posed one of his own.

"If you respect Mary so much, how come you ditched her last Saturday night for Dianne?"

"What?" Winn looked up from the desk, bewildered at the directness of the question. He was embarrassed; he fumbled with the useless graph paper, mumbled under his breath, and then regained his composure. He looked up sharply. "Now that's a lie!" he shouted vehemently.

"You mean you didn't jilt her?" Phil asked, more assured of the truth at seeing Winn's flushed face.

"Didn't I just tell you that I respect my friends?"

"Well, Dianne can be your friend too!" Phil replied heartily.

Winn suddenly decided to clean up his desk, and began to gather up the scrap paper and textbooks into a semblance of order. Afterwards, with Phil's words still stinging in his ears, he kicked around the assortment of shoes that lay entangled in the dirty clothing on the floor, and heaped the soiled laundry into a pile. "Listen," he said, and then continued to collect the dirty shirts and undershorts and socks, stuffing them into the laundry bag. He didn't finish the sentence for several minutes.

Phil boosted himself up in the old bed so that he sat with his head resting on the cool iron bedstead. He smiled in a knowing way as if saying to himself, "Now I got him."

Winn grabbed the clean towel off the dresser and threw it back on the desk where it slid off the edge to the floor. He seemed to be searching for something special in the pile of clothes. He took a long time looking, but appeared dissatisfied with everything he salvaged from the clutter. Finally he spoke again.

"Mary couldn't go out last Saturday night."

"No?" Phil questioned with a grin on his face.

"No! So after I was **sure** she couldn't go out, I just happened to think of ol' Dianne . . ."

"Just happened to think of ol' Dianne," Phil repeated with a snicker. He was enjoying himself.

". . . and since Mary couldn't go out . . ." Winn continued with a stammer in his voice.

"You said that already," Phil interrupted again.

". . . I didn't think I should have to stay in this lousy, rotten . . ."

"Prison cell." Phil supplied the words with a laugh.

"Yeh."

"So you thought of ol' Dianne!" Phil said again with a louder laugh.

"Yeh, yeh, that's what I just said," Winn stammered.

"Respect!" Phil shouted. "HA! Ha, ha, ha!" He choked with laughter. The old, rusty bedsprings creaked pitifully under his weight as the emotion jolted through his small body. His hands beat the solid mattress with hard, abusive blows and his feet kicked at the twisted bedcovers. The corners of the room ringed with the jeering noise; down the dormitory hall other sounds of laughter could faintly be heard as if to join him in his ridicule of Winn. By kicking, he happened to hit the fragile bookshelf with a sharp blow, upsetting the orderly row of books. They tumbled down, hitting him heavily on the chest and stomach. Despite his apparent pain, he brushed them off his body to the floor and roared even louder, waiting for Winn to act.

Winn grew mad. He dropped the pretense of searching for something in the pile of soiled clothes and scowled at Phil, convulsed on the bed mocking him. He tried to defend himself over Phil's uncontrolled hilarity. He shouted.

"Yeh, respect! I said I didn't ditch Mary! She couldn't go out! Dianne could; so I didn't want to stay here! Nobody got their feelings hurt and I had a good time!" All the time he spoke, he watched Phil roll on the bed shouting, "Respect! Ha!" laughing.

"I thought you were going steady with Mary," Phil said suddenly, very serious.

"I am. But she didn't know about Saturday night, so what she never knows will never hurt her," Winn replied sincerely. Phil thought this over for a moment.

"I thought that's where your respect came in. Don't you know what going steady means?" Phil said. He was interested in what Winn had to say; his thoughts of mockery had all but completely dissolved. Winn flashed an angry face at Phil.

"Respect!" he said contemptuously, "listen, Phil, when I said respect I meant it for your benefit. I just didn't like your lousy remarks about Mary, see?"

"For **my** benefit?" Phil acted profoundly shocked; his eyes squinted in disbelief and he studied Winn's face as if trying to decide whether to believe Winn's words or not. "You mean you, yourself, don't have any respect for Mary?" he asked impulsively.

"You bastard!" Winn shouted in a rage of anger and confusion. He threw clothes around the room and almost toppled the desk chair with a swift kick. He acted like he had said an unforgivable thing that exposed completely, his inner self. The clothes he had flung around he quickly gathered up again, stamping around the room picking them up and throwing them on the desk, as he tried to think of an explanation for Phil. His anger supplanted all means of clear thinking and he could only continue shouting. "I didn't say that!" he bellowed. "Respect—it's just a word; dammit, Phil, it goes just so far! It's the same as going steady. It's only practical to a certain extent!"

"I see," Phil said calmly. He got up from the bed, shoved the books on the floor out of his way with the toe of his shoe, and leaned against the doorway. With slow, delicate movements, his hands ran up and down his wrinkled coat, adjusting the lapels and fixing the flaps over the coat pockets. Winn was still tossing clothes around the room, on and off the desk, cursing to himself. His face was fiery red, glowing in contrast with his raven-black hair and white hands that flung clothing and sporadically clutched themselves into tight fists. Amid curses he looked at Phil almost sorrowfully.

"I just don't want you to think dirty thoughts about my girl," he said.

"Girls," Phil corrected him dryly. He stared into Winn's face without expression. "Alright, Winny my boy, I'll respect your girl. But are you **really** sure you will?"

"Get out of here, you . . . !" Winn shouted and started after Phil, but Phil was gone before he got from the clothes-cluttered desk to the door.

By the time Winn was changed into fresh clothes and ready to leave, it was raining much harder. He had stopped cleaning up the room; and added to the other soiled garments on the floor, were his wrinkled pants and corduroy jacket. From his trunk he found his plastic raincoat and the galoshes his mother had packed, but he decided not to wear them as they made his big feet look even bigger. For the final touches to his freshly dressed person, he watered his hair in place and then dabbed his whiskerless face with some yellow-colored aftershave lotion. He fastened his watch, gave it a few quick winds, checked the time with his desk clock, and after watching the rain for several minutes, he left the room.

Halfway down the shadowy hall his anger had grown cold and he decided that Phil was still a friend. He even looked in Phil's room to say hello, but no one was there. The room was empty; its walls were plastered with nude pin-ups. In the student lounge, Winn searched his pockets for a dime, and when he found one, he glanced out a window once more to see if it was still raining. It was pouring. If he called Mary, he knew that she would expect him over for dinner. And because of Saturday, Dianne, he figured, liked him very much and would also want him over. It was raining awfully hard. He figured that Mary's father wouldn't want to come to pick him up in such weather and he, himself, didn't have a car. But Dianne did.

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Comments by J. Brevity II

Everyone is excited about the **Boilermaker.** People praise it, cuss it, complain, support and reject this newspaper. School hypocrites cry smear! The staff spends hours defending the paper and accepting scattered praise. This is good. Raising controversy is a main purpose of this publication. We want people to think, to consider, to weigh, and to decide.

There are too many inert vegetables here at PUCC. Pansies who are afraid to let conflict inhabit these halls. **I say to hell with apathy.** Let us be alive and dynamic. Never be the same from day to day.

In this modern era many people get the feeling of being in a rat race. Extension students have many demands on their lives—church, classes, jobs, social life, campus activities, sports, home life, etc. In facing all these demands a degree of importance must be placed on each. Things must be orientated in a person's life.

One must first of all realize where he came from and the purpose of his existence. Once this is accomplished a purpose for living must be developed. Students are first here to learn—activities come second. If working, dating, or active membership in a campus organization is hindering the quest for an education, then stop these activities! Education is of prime importance now; cast aside the other activities and concentrate on your education. If you want to work—then work! If you want to be a playboy—then be a playboy!

Some people point to human dynamos who do everything well. That is fine! A person should do as many things as he can, but not more than he can perform satisfactorily.

Maybe a satisfactory guide to one's life load is to do everything you want and can do well.

J. Brevity II

A SIMPLE PARODY

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There's always the story of the hare and the tortoise, while history is full of examples of defeat by moral inertia or complacency. In the history of military intelligence, perhaps the first recorded instance of "propaganda" overcoming superior arms is that of the defeat of Darius III of Persia by Alexander (the Great) of Macedonia. It happened at the battle of Argela, 331 B.C., when young King Alexander kicked the pants off King Darius. Detailed accounts are rather spotty as to what actually went on at G.H.Q. that day, but let's see if our imagination can run a little parody on it:

The scene is the tent of Darius, where the Persian king and his generals are holding forth in war council. The king is studying a map of battle—neatly sketched by royal cartographers on quality G.I. sheepskin.

DARIUS: (Looking up from the map) Well, that's it, boys. It's a lead-pipe cinch. Tomorrow morning we lick the stuffing out of 'em. According to G-2, we've got 'em out-numbered three spears to one.

GENERALS: (All together) Hot dog! Three to one! It's a cinch!

DARIUS: (Flicking cigar ashes off his gold breastplate) One thing, fellows—save this character Alex for me. We'll put him in a cage or something and parade him up the avenue for the citizenry to look at. Now—you boys all set?

GENERALS: (In unison) You betcha! It's a piece of cake, your majesty!

DARIUS: (standing up) Okay, boys. Synchronize your sun dials . . . This time tomorrow we'll really have a ball!

The generals scramble to their feet, salute and leave the tent, joking and slapping each other on the back. When they have all gone, Darius bangs on his shield to summon his orderly. He orders his supper, which consists of a roast pig, a flagon of wine and a baked Alaska. He is in his nighty, and puffing away at his usual after-dinner cigar when his orderly enters and salutes.

ORDERLY: (Who has hurriedly put his regulation armor on over his night shirt) Sire! Colonel Pinkertus of G-2 wishes to see you. He looks like he's got ants under his rear mesh-work.

DARIUS: Dog-gone it! Just as I was getting to the most enjoyable part of my cigar! Well—well, show him in. I suppose he wants to tell me it looks like rain and we'll have to postpone the show.

Pinkertus, who has been listening at the tent flap, rushes in before the orderly has a chance to give him the high sign. He waits until the orderly has left and then turns to Darius.

PINKERTUS: (Slightly out of breath) Sire! I was just having a game of gin rummy with Joe Gargonzola, who sells cheese to Alexander's mess sergeant, and he told me —confidentially, of course—that the Macedonians are going to attack us tonight. He says the jerks figure to overcome our superiority by catching us asleep in the sack. I thought you might like to know, your majesty!

DARIUS: (Blast it! He jumps up howling as his lighted cigar falls down the front of his night shirt. He manages to dig it out after several tries and dashes the remainder of his wine down his front to cool it off.) Confound it, Colonel! Er—did you say those bums are going to get frisky tonight?

PINKERTUS: (Flustered and somewhat apologetic) Sire! I'm sorry. Maybe I shouldn't have disturbed you. And your royal night shirt is—

DARIUS: (Who has cooled off a bit and is thoughtfully pulling at his nose) It figures, all right. The dirty skunks. Sneak up on us in the dark, eh! Catch us asleep, will they! Well, we'll show 'em! Oh boy, will they be surprised!

After Pinkertus has departed, Darius calls his generals into confab. They look across the little valley and, sure enough, see the Macedonian camp fires burning brightly. Darius tells his staff to dump the men out of their sacks and put them into battle formation with full armor. And thus, that night the legions of Darius are drawn up facing the distant camp fires of the enemy . . . Hours pass, and it is just before the first light of dawn. A couple of sleepy Dog Faces are chewing the Persian fat.

FIRST SOLDIER: (Yawning and swaying slightly as he maintains his place in formation) This iron foundry I'm carrying weighs a ton.

SECOND SOLDIER: (Half asleep on his feet but he jerks awake) Huh?

FIRST SOLDIER: This is worse than the night they sent me snipe hunting. I'm fogged. Man, I'm but fogged!

SECOND SOLDIER: Me too. I can't even (yawn) lift this pig sticker, let alone throw it. (He leans on his spear.)

At dawn the army of King Darius is still in formation, awaiting the enemy surprise attack. The long vigil under armor has left its mark on nerves and physiognomy. They look like a bunch of canned zombies. But across the valley things are different. The soldiers of Alexander are full of vinegar. They've had a good night's shuteye and a big breakfast of crispies or something. Now they are ready for business . . .

The rest is history. King Darius was rousted by an army about one-third the size of his own. He threw away his chance to conquer Alexander because he swallowed a few words the enemy wanted him to swallow. The ordeal of standing in formation under full armor all night long had beaten his men before a single phalanx moved against him.

Space Age Magazine

Society Strikes Back

The sun sparkled on the many windows in the little town as Charlie ambled down the middle of the warm street. It was a humid June morning; the sun was a welcome relief for Charlie had spent a miserable night on the road.

Here was a boy almost nineteen years old passing through a picturesque New England town, yet finding no welcome. He had been wandering for almost eleven months in search of himself. His pants were worn and dusty, and anyone could spot the carelessly sewn patches on the elbows of his plaid shirt. Charlie still wore his green baseball cap tilted boyishly off to the side of his head and the heavy woolen scarf up around his neck.

On through the narrow streets Charlie trudged, hoping to see a friendly sign. The small children played hop-scotch on the sidewalks; busy shoppers scurried from shop to shop, each in his own little world. "Beep, beep!" A car narrowly missed Charlie, still walking wearily up the street in a near trance. His thick scarf fluttered lazily in the heavy summer breeze. On he tramped, never seeing the cars whizzing by him or hearing the curses of the angry truck drivers. He cocked his cap more to the side, raised his chin higher in the air, and continued his defiant march through the town.

Suddenly, as if out of the ground itself, a huge truck careened around the corner out of control. The driver's eyes bulged as he saw the figure not twenty feet ahead. Brakes squealed; a shrill scream pierced the morning air as the large truck passed "through" Charlie. A large crowd quickly gathered to see what had happened. On the pavement lay the mangled, twisted remains of a young man. Blood was everywhere! It even covered the one hand that clutched the torn old scarf. "Who is he?" questioned a man.

"I saw his face as the truck hit him. It was horrible."

"Someone call the police. Do you think he might be alive—?"

Hardly had the sirens sounded, when the crowd already began to dwindle. People blended back into their own worlds, and no one seemed to care. All the life left of Charlie was his green baseball cap tumbling down the street in quiet defiance.

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— editor

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Gummy's Corner

Who's Who at Purdue

Coach H. F. "Mickey" McNaught likes everything that is spelled SPORTS. He is the assistant basketball coach and teaches boys' activities, intramurals for boys, girls, and faculty, and teaches sports officiating.

Presently Coach McNaught is working on his B.S. in physical education. His present program will give him all the requirements for his degree by this summer. In past years tCoach McNaught spent 17 years as a sports official, going to the Indiana basketball championship games in 1957 and 1958. He is now assistant coach in basketball and would have liked to sponsor baseball this spring, but the money ran out.

Coach McNaught is one of the most easygoing guys at Purdue Calumet. Everyone I have talked to really enjoys doing his best for Coach McNaught. His leadership qualities will be a fine asset to Purdue Calumet in the future.

Besides his active life as an athletic coach, Coach McNaught also is an avid outdoorsman. Among

Coach McNaught

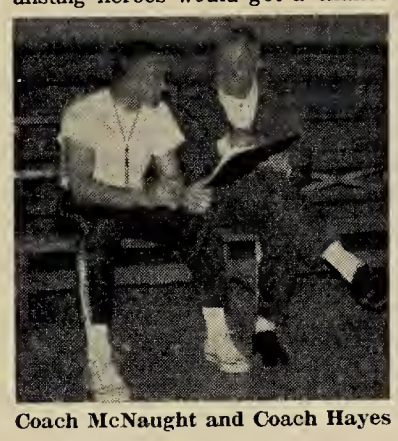
his favorite pastimes are fishing, camping, and hunting. Many weekends you can find him in "the big woods" north of Indiana, just enjoying life.

When asked about accelerating the Purdue sports program, Coach McNaught replied, "It should be advanced tremendously. I have talked to 18-20 coaches in this area, and they are all very much in favor of advancing the program." According to Coach McNaught, "An accelerated sports program would help Purdue Calumet draw some of the finer male students of the region."

One way he said Purdue could enlarge the sport program would be to broaden the activities, basketball, and intramural programs. "This step would improve school spirit and raise the general physical condition of the entire student body," said Mr. McNaught.

Another fine way to enlarge the Purdue Calumet sports program would be to "start a program of competitive football with the other junior colleges of the region." Mr. McNaught said, "I realize that such an undertaking would take 2-3 years, but the overall effect would be to enlarge and improve our present program."

"We could draw from many of the top athletes of the area, and the unsung heroes would get a chance



Coach McNaught and Coach Hayes

to make the grade in college. Purdue Calumet could have the other good guard or quarterback who couldn't afford to go to college," states Coach McNaught.

Overall, Coach McNaught is one example of the fine faculty that we at Purdue Calumet are fortunate enough to have.

—Bruce Siecker

Double Overtime Sees 2 Point Loss For All-Stars

The All-Stars intramural team, composed of outstanding members of the PUCC Intramural Basketball squads, was unable to stop the sensational shooting of IUGC's powerful forward Knight who banged in 34 big points to stop the All-Stars cold.

The PUCC All-Stars, sparked by the 28-point hitting of Denny Muscrave fizzled, because even 28 points wasn't enough to stop the IUGC.

But our "hats go off" to such players as Jim Palmer, Eli Johnson, Steve Powell, Jim Erskine and Denny McDonnell who fought all the way.

PUCC	fg	ft	tp
McDonnell	2	0	4
Muscrave	13	2	28
Wells	1	0	2
Bonher	1	0	2
Palmer	4	0	8
Johnson	1	3	5
Powell	3	4	10
Elston	0	1	1
Erskine	3	0	6
Skeewes	0	0	0
			66
Indiana			
Sparber	1	4	6
Knight	14	6	34
Zardich	4	2	10
Massey	2	1	5
Tarpo	2	2	6
Kennedy	0	1	0
Washington	3	1	7
			68

The Boilermaker Needs Your Help!

"PURDUE SLUMPS"

The Boilermakers have lost 3 straight in Big 10 competition to drop them to the celler. But Coach Eddys feels the Boilermakers have most of the season to recover.

	w	l	pct.
Illinois	4	0	1.000
Indiana	2	0	1.000
Ohio State	2	1	.667
Minnesota	2	1	.667
Michigan State	1	1	.500
Michigan	2	2	.500
Wisconsin	1	2	.333
Iowa	1	3	.250
Northwestern	0	2	.000
Purdue	0	3	.000

Low Funds Rule Out Spring Athletic Program

This past week the news of "on more" funds to continue the athletic program through spring has reached the students of P.U.C.C.

This reporter has investigated the story and has found the story to be true, but there are certain prevailing circumstances involved.

I talked at great length with Mr. H. H. Hubbard, head of Student Affairs and Activities. He informed me of the problem and some possible solutions. Mr. Hubbard indicated that although the athletic program is important to P.U.C.C. it affects relatively few students (players, cheerleaders) and is basically a "money losing" operation.

The athletic program so far this year has taken over ⅓ of the total activity fees and left the rest to the some 10-15 other student organizations.

This reporter is not trying to condemn the athletic program. I only wish to state the facts and some possible solutions.

Mr. Hubbard and I discussed at length the possibility of solving the problem. We landed on 4 different ways to possibly meet the problem.

1.

Increase the activity fee, from $3 per full-time student, to $5 per student. This would increase the fund from approximately $1800 to $3000 a semester.

2.

A Graduated Fee, meaning that a student with 3-6-9-12 credit hours would pay $1-$2-$3-$5 respectively. This would also provide a greater income for the activity fund.

3.

An over-all blanket fee has been suggested in which "all" students enrolled at P.U.C.C. would pay $3 a semi. which would bring in an excess of $6000 a semi. This fee could very well include a new student "passport" much similar to the campus passport. Part of the money to supply checkers, chess, cards, ping-pong and other games for the new lounge.

4.

The final solution to the problem has been drafted in the form of an "Intramural Revamp," a complete reorganization of the intramural program and a possible dropping of "major" sports. This would allow the money originally allotted for "team use" to be spread to more students in the form of more intramural teams and even intramural awards for outstanding teams and players.

These suggestions are only "suggestions" and may be tossed about by the students and faculty in order to come up with a useful solution to the problem.

Purdue Calumet Campus Intramural Basketball

1962-1963

LEAGUE STANDINGS TO JANUARY 28, 1963

	Won	Lost	%
Fungi	8	2	.800
Regioniers	7	2	.777
Trompers	5	5	.500
Epars	4	5	.444
Big-O's	3	7	.300
Tigers	2	8	.200

Results of Monday, January 14, 1963

TIGERS 54 — TROMPERS 46

Tuesday, January 15, 1963

BIG-O's 39 — FUNGI 37

No games will be played during the semester break.

The first week of the second semester will be used for reorganization of teams.

Play will begin on **FEBRUARY 4, 1963.**

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